friend. The circumstances in which it could flourish no longer existed. Other wars were brewing, requiring other heroes.

At the beginning of the decade, the War book, and the War play were still popular, *Journey's End* still running,[26] *All Quiet on the Western Front* still selling. The War was far enough away to be romanticised, the prospect of another war sufficiently remote for the subject to be congenial to circulating-library subscribers. Men who had been heroic explained that they were sensitive, men who were sensitive explained that they had been heroic. Mr. Robert Graves, Mr, Richard Aldington, Mr. Siegfried Sassoon, Mr. Ernest Hemingway, Mr. Edmund Blunden and others, published their War experiences, finding many readers. The fashion was for the soldier-poet, agonised at having to shed blood, listening to birds singing when the guns paused, with his Keats or Shakespeare's Sonnets in the pocket of his tunic; yet not less courageous and effective in action for that; if anything, more.

T. E. Lawrence filled this part perfectly, provided a perfect compromise between the conscientious objector to whom it was felt some amends were due, and Lord Kitchener whose glory had faded. He was the conscientious consenter; the successful man of action who wrote fine prose and the successful man of letters who won battles. As the War receded into the past, he alone emerged as its hero. Not even controversy over Earl Haig's equestrian statue, and the attacks of Mr. Lloyd George on his generalship, could make him interesting. Two rival biographies by Lady Haig and Mr. Duff Cooper

were by no means best-sellers, whereas the public thirst for information about T. E. Lawrence seemed insatiable. Books about him were

[26] It is interesting that, despite its record run, this play has never been successfully revived. An attempt was made to revive it, but instead of its former admirers, as usually happens in such cases, getting nostalgic pleasure out of being reminded of their past enthusiasm, it embarrassed them. They did not want to remember that they had once liked the play. Mr. Vcrnon Bartlett, for instance, confessed that, seeing it again, he was at a loss to explain how it could ever have moved him.